

GOING THRU

With a Golden Spoon



BY PRIVATE
DUDLEY HESS
REGIMENTAL ARTIST



FIELD ARTILLERY



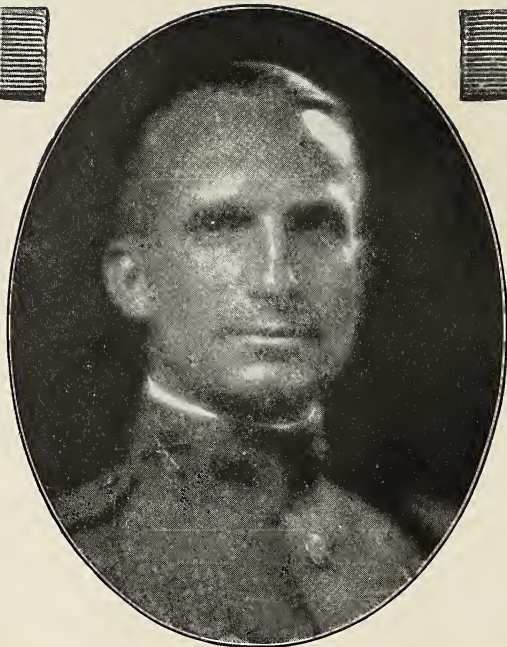


Photo of General Wingate, By Pierre MacDonald, 5th Ave., N. Y.

“My men are better fighters than soldiers.”

GENERAL GEORGE ALBERT WINGATE

52ND FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE

JUST as the fortunate infant is said to have started its earthly career with a golden spoon in its mouth, so our powerful Artillery enjoyed the fortune and glory of “Going Thru” to its final success.

TO those noble, high-spirited companions who rest on the battle-stained soil of big-hearted France, no longer to speak to us, their brother comrades-in-arms; and to him **GENERAL GEORGE ALBERT WINGATE**, whose keen judgment, high efficiency, and thoro Generalship, sagaciously guided us thru to complete victory, with a minimum loss, though ours was incessant fighting on one of the most active and obtrusive sectors of the line, this book is respectfully dedicated.

DUDLEY HESS.

“GOING THRU” WITH A GOLDEN SPOON

**AN ILLUSTRATED STORY
OF THE**

**52ND BRIGADE
FIELD ARTILLERY**

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

**BY DUDLEY HESS
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
REGIMENTAL ARTIST**

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“GOING THRU”



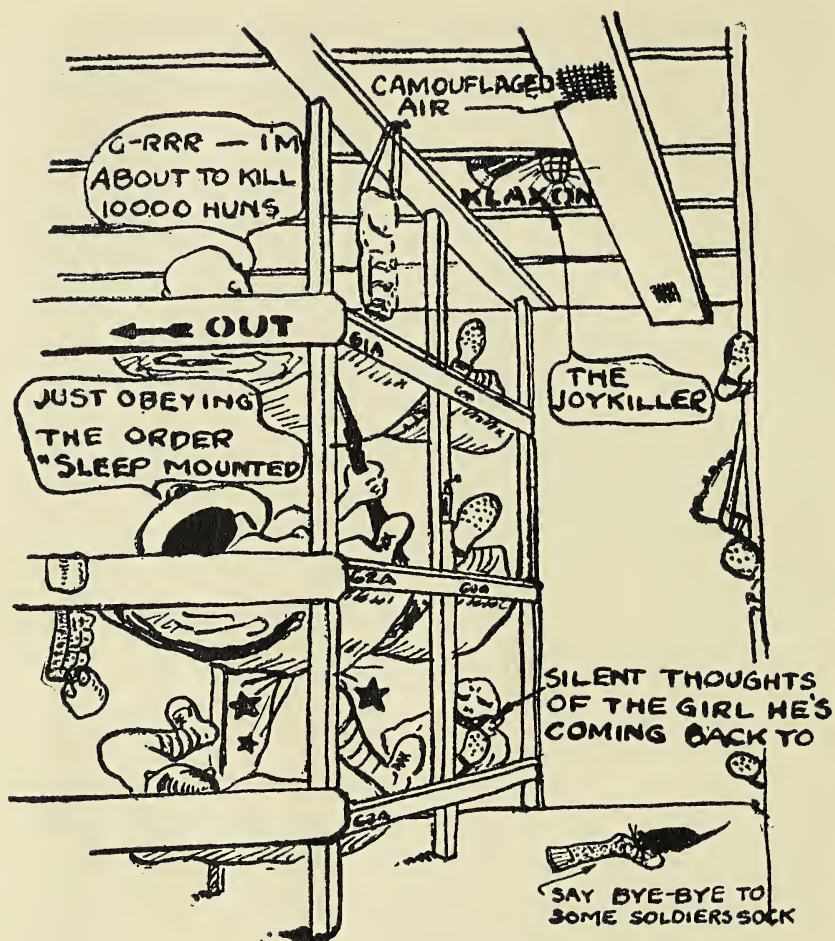
BUD HESS
A-E-F.

THEIRS NOT TO REASON WHY
THEIRS BUT TO DO—SO LET'S GO

LEFT, LEFT, LEF, HEP?

AS each foot tramped from the land of the free, where heretofore it had leisurely trod to business, home, some sweetheart's home, theatre, and now to the First Serg's left, left, lef, hep!—a great change took place.

AT that moment, a clean-cut, high-purposed, determined looking, stealthy Americanism — paced the camouflaged ways, headed for the American Expeditionary Forces, as crusaders of Right, Justice, and Humanity.



DUD. HESS
A-B-F

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
ALL FOR DEMOCRACY

TRANSPORTING IN A HOLD.

CONGESTION, perspiration, and in no few cases indigestion, may be mentioned as some of the prevalent conditions that make one conscious of life in the hol(e)d.

OCCASIONALLY slumber reigns (rains?) Bunk "61" might have desperate nightmare—while "63" is maliciously easing himself at the discomfort of "62" who has just stretched out into "mounted sleep." Others may be boiling with entrancing visions of the fair sex they recently bid farewell, but all soon cools down when the "draft system" camouflages the air.

THE joy-killer Klaxon when klaxed creates a new environment. It sounds worse than a heavy barrage—and its deafening message is quickly interpreted by all on board. Yes "Abandon Ship" is a very interesting(?) experience to undergo somewhere between over here and over there. The shuffle of sturdy "hobnails" that ensues accompanied by forceful eulogies unfit for print—are at once convincing that AMERICAN energy is safely directed towards "kanning the Kaiser."

BUT we bear all the "short-comforts" of the hold smilingly, our ship is steadily headed for the clean shores of Democracy.



THEY CAN'T

ORDERS IS ORDERS!

or

the Guardhouse.



"OVER THE TOP"

FROM RATION TABLE TO DECK-DINING

WHEN you climb “over the top” of the ladders (if you’re in luck) the deck is yours. Sit here, there, anywhere, wet or dry, clean or dirty—but be sure you don’t sit on any of the bunch, or in his chow.

ABOUT those ladders: men with transport experience will be “lined up” for the following elevating positions,—

Steeple jacks.

Tight-rope walkers.

Sky pilots.

Girder workers.

Ballet dancers.

—and—

ALL other positions of a similar nature, demanding highly qualified men to hold their own, irrespectful in what direction gravitation may tend to pull.



WE'RE THERE

**“HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG’S
ALL HERE.”**

SOME were full of vim for vin,
but most were full to win as we
marched from our good ship.

ON our way to camp, many a
man was weary and many an
eye bleary, but memories go-
ing good.



**BREST A TEST AT ITS
BEST.**

A CAMP of half shelter, I mean
shelterhalf with a bed of mud
and the rain oozing in at our feet,
and they call this sunny France.

WE broke up camp—and cases
of hard tack and canned willie,
to while away the train trip.



DUDLEY
A-E-F

IT WAS THE LIMIT
not
THE LIMITED.



THE BORDEAUX CHURCH SPECIAL

WE hit the training camp and
the camp hit us. Sand, flu, all
around.

MANY were the demands for
church passes, but many passed
the churches.

WHEN the six weeks Artillery
Straining was up we left our
frances and friends to brave the
horrors of the front line.

SUSH BOOHE

ERR-ERR-
ERR-ERR

SMOKING AND
LIGHTS OUT

I HOPE HE DONT
OPEN HIS TAIL-
BOARD HERE

WHERE IS
THAT DUGOUT

(HEE-HAW)



A MIDNIGHT SERENADE

THE bunch were grooming them up on quite a banked echelon. Two bombs were dropped, we ducked our heads, the lights went out. The well directed shots of our Aviators had caught their prey. Firing ceased, lights went up, smoking was in order, and a few kilos away, lay that "Kultured" old bird beneath his withered wings. Another Ace was made, and another German casualty accounted for.

ONE may be rehearsing his entire past, while the less concerned, if there were any, would be making sure the Fatimas were secure.



OVER THE
BLUFF,
WITH THE
STUFF.



IN THE MIDST OF IT

THE gruesome pastime of dodging the shell—was hell.

HEAVEN or home by Christmas, or the “white sheets” with a “Rose of No-man’s Land” at your side.



OLD HESS
A-E-E

75's WITH SPIRIT OF "76"

Fire: at 8 P.M. from base deflection

Left: 134 R. Y. Fuse.

Normal Gas Shell.

Elevation: 21 degrees, 40 minutes.

25 rounds at WILL(HELM)

READY, FIRE!!!

FINIS LES BOCHES.



“PILES” OF FUN.

“SALVAGE” it. A common slogan that meant relief to the boys. “We can get more where that came from.” You’d find anything from a shoe string to a dead horse.

BEAUX coo junk for the S. O. S. to rebuild.



WHOLLY SMOKE!

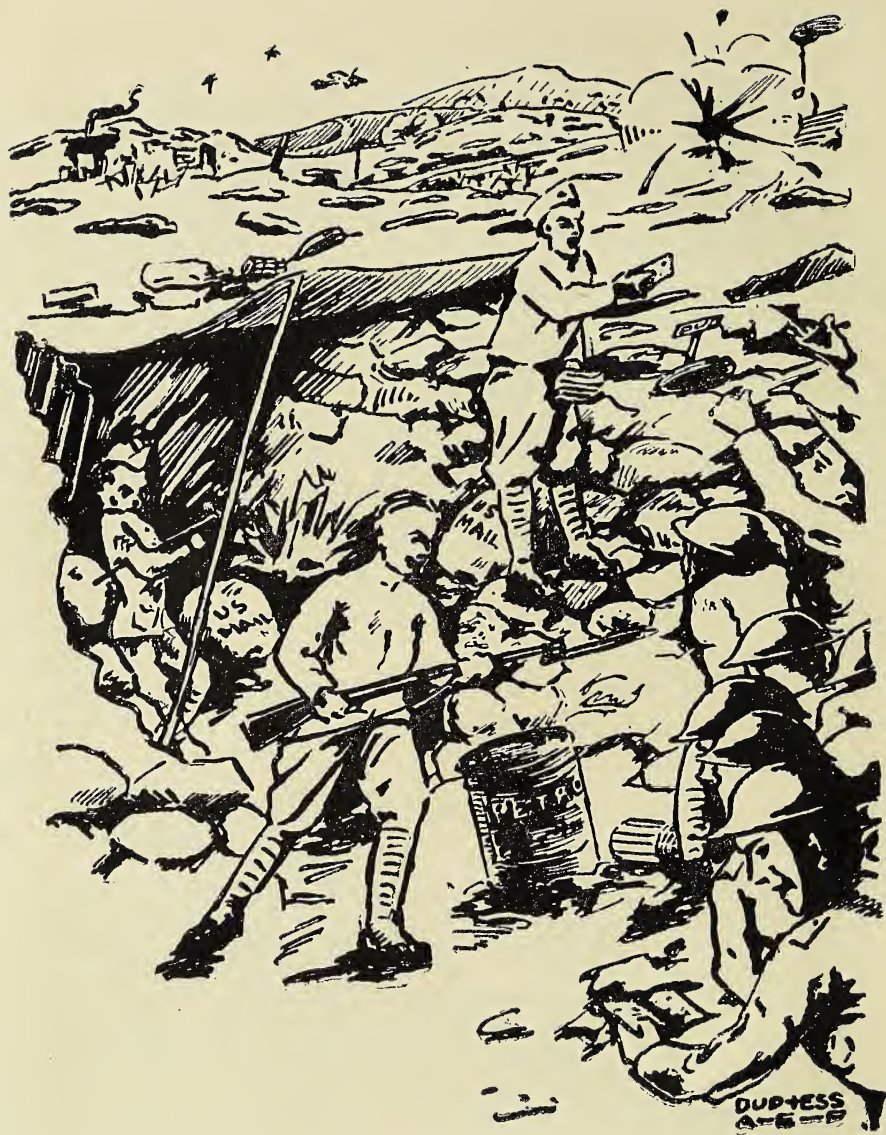
IT was such scenes as these
that made living very unhealthy
for Fritz, and brought that
Armistice day nearer.



THE THREE WEEHLED STEED THAT HAD THE SPEED

WHIZZ—B A N G! Yes and those speed king cyclists were hard to find.

THE Harley-Davidson people must have been making ammunition, for those military buzz-wagon-bath-tubs certainly had some velocity as they trajected thru the air.

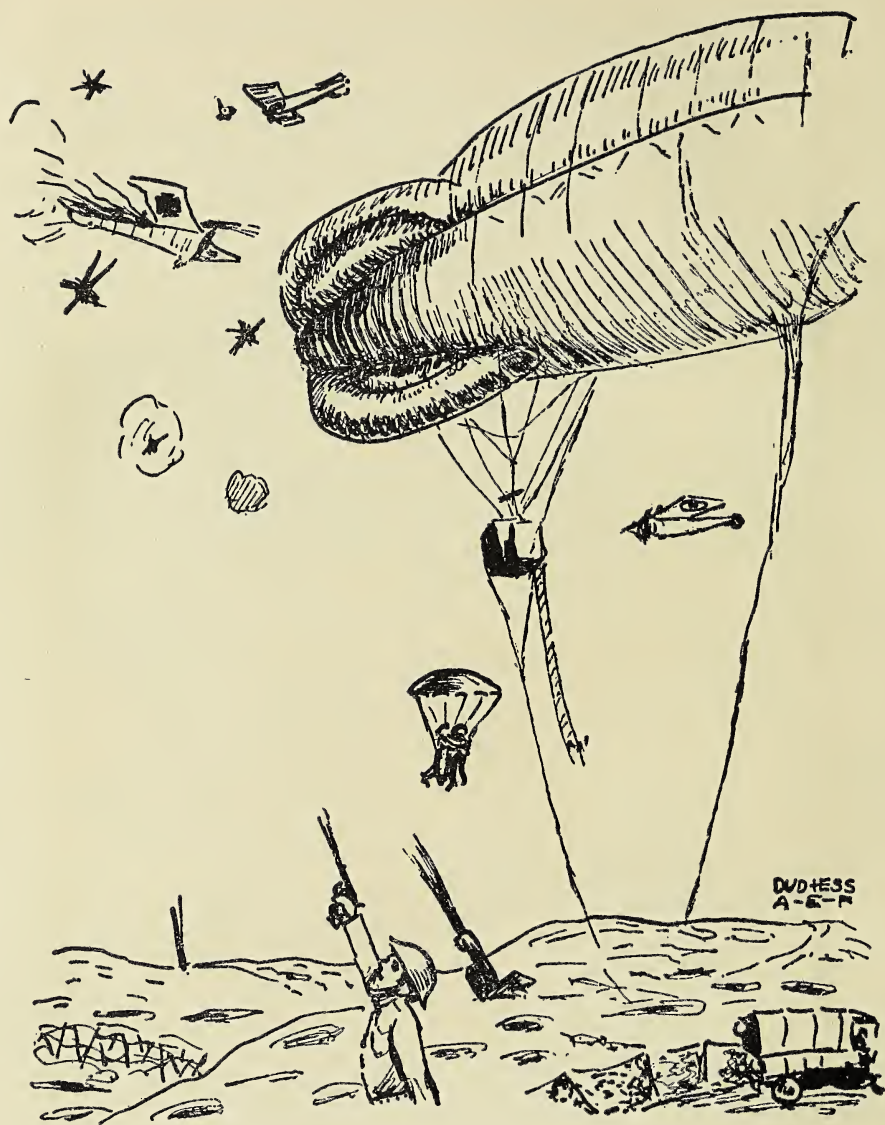


MAIL

THAT LETTER

“LIKE a baby needs its mother that’s how I need you.” With such sentiments and with the white bags in—meant **GUARD OUT.**

MOTHERS, wives and sweethearts, if you only knew what your letters meant. It was practically the boys’ only real enjoyment.



**WE GAVE JERRY EVERY-
THING BUT HOBNAILS.**



**“I KNOW I GOT MORE
THAN MY SHARE.”**

IT was killing—both the Huns
and the cooties.

WHEN those Lounge Bunnies
got into your seams, by squad
or massed formation, it gave
you reason to kick.



SIEGE GUNS.

YOU may bet we did and
everything else in our objec-
tives too.



**WHEN THE FIGHTING
HAD CEASED.**

ELEVEN—ELEVEN—ELEVEN

WHAT was once a field of
black was now transformed in-
to a Gay White Way.

EVERY conceivable illumina-
tion and noise was made use
of.



SOUVENIRS.

WOMAN'S craze for fashion
could not compare with adven-
turous Sammy's desire for
souvenirs.

THEY'D go the limit.

WERE it possible one would
have walked off with a Hun
siege gun.

Mess Call-the Best Call



MESS CALL—THE BEST CALL

MESS CALL THE BEST CALL.

NO bugles needed, just "inside" information. As the saying goes, "It's either feast or famine," but with us it was mostly feast. The boys were there when it came to seconds. Some abnormal individuals were there for thirds . . . and later for O. D. pills.

WHERE THERE'S
SMOKE THERE'S
FIRE

ALSO

GOLD-BRICKS



NO MUSIC NEEDED.



PAY DAY.

THE bones would begin rolling,
and the Cognac flowing,
—BYE-BYE FRANCS.

MERCI Monsieur.



AT THE EMBARKATION AREA

**SEND THE BOYS HOME
TOOT SWEET.**

MANY thanks for those kind words.

BUT when are we going home!



**WHEN PRIVATES GIVE
ORDERS.**

BUT why the M. P's. ???



MARINE POWER

**“NOTHING TO BE SAID.
JUST ASK THE BOYS.”**



FAREWELL FRANCE

LETS GO,—

and we did.



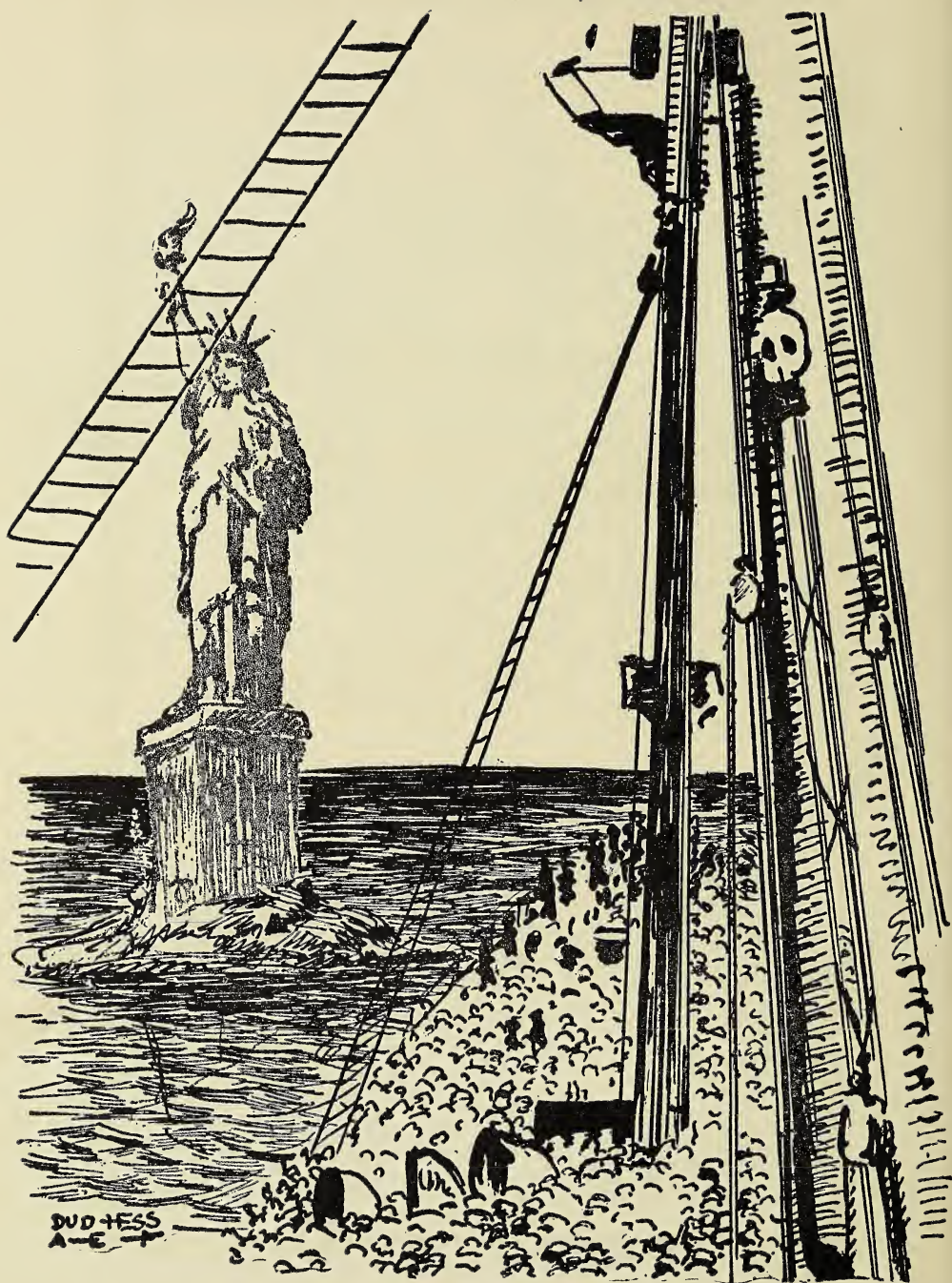
EVEN THE MOON CAME UP.

“TWO to one, he won’t.”

NOT a crap game, just a friendly bet on the boys who were ill at ease, looking for the metacenter of the ship.

SHE began tossing, and so did many of those unaccustomed to this way of gambling.

BY the time we landed the ship was well camouflaged.



MISS LIBERTY, IS STAT-YOU

WE'RE THRU.

**THOUSANDS of minds with but a
single thought.**

"SO long, boys."

"HELLO FOLKS."

COMMONTALLIVOUX

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